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# the AMAZING SPIDER-MAN®

## THE BATTLE TO BECOME THE NEW KINGPIN OF CRIME BEGINS!

# GANG WAR PART ONE

Stan Lee PRESENTS:

# SPIDER-MAN

# "... AND WHO SHALL STAND AGAINST THEM...?"

NEW YORK CITY AT NIGHT IS THE STUFF GREAT ROMANTIC LEGENDS ARE MADE OF. THE SEDUCTIVE NEON MAGIC THAT ENVELOPES THIS TOWN'S TWILIGHT HOURS DRAWS PEOPLE FROM EVERY CORNER OF THE GLOBE, MATRICULATING THEM ALL INTO THE DAZZLING NON-STOP CELEBRATION.

SO, YOU ASK, WHY WOULD ANYBODY WANT TO SPEND A SPLENDID FALL EVENING CROUCHED HIGH IN THE SHADOWS OF A MUSTY, DOWNTOWN WAREHOUSE?

BEATS THE HECK OUT OF **US**, FOLKS!

WE'LL GIVE YOU A **HINT**, THOUGH.

THESE MEN, UNLOADING **STOLEN** ELECTRONICS EQUIPMENT ARE THE **BAD GUYS.**

AND **THIS** GUY, GETTING HIS NIFTY BLACK OUTFIT COVERED WITH SOOT AND ASH...

...HAS SPENT THE LAST FOUR HOURS WAITING FOR THEM TO ARRIVE!

ANOTHER EXPLOSIVE SPIDEY-**BLOCKBUSTER** (AND GREAT ENTERTAINMENT VALUE) PREPARED BY:
**TOM DEFALCO** PLOT & **RON FRENZ** STORYTELLING
ABLY ASSISTED BY:
**JIM OWSLEY**, SCRIPT
**BRETT BREEDING** PENCILS

AND NOT TO MENTION... JOSEF RUBINSTEIN INKS | RICK PARKER LETTERING | BOB SHAREN COLORIST | JIM SALICRUP EDITOR | JIM SHOOTER EDITOR IN CHIEF

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SUDDENLY--

CRIPES!! IT'S THE BLUE BOYS-- THAT NEW GANG TRYIN' TO MUSCLE THEIR WAY INTO TOWN!

THAT SO? WELL, THEY MADE A BIG MISTAKE CRASHIN' OUR DROP TONIGHT--

--THEIR LAST!!

...AND TO PUT YOU BUMS OUTTA BUSINESS!!

HOWDY, FOLKS!

WE'VE COME TO STEAL YOUR STOLEN HIGH-END- AUDIO-VISUAL COMPONENTS...

THERE ARE *NEW KIDS* ON THE BLOCK, BOYS... MIGHT AS WELL FACE IT--

--YOU AIN'T EVEN IN OUR LEAGUE!

SAVE IT, PAL!

WASTE 'EM!

THIS IS GREAT!!

THIS GANG-WAR THAT'S SUDDENLY FLARED UP IS A NEWS PHOTOG'S *DREAM!*

GLAD MY TIP PAID OFF-- I'VE BEEN UP HERE FOR *HOURS!*

THESE SHOTS WILL BE MORE THAN WORTH THE WAIT! GEEZ... WHAT MORE COULD I ASK FOR?

*BLOCKS AWAY, AT THAT VERY MOMENT, A CERTAIN FRIENDLY NEIGHBORHOOD WEB-SLINGER HEADS FOR HOME...*

WOW-- THE WAY CHRIS KEATING LIT INTO ME BACK AT THE HOSPITAL,* YOU'D THINK THE GUY HAD SOMETHING *PERSONAL* AGAINST ME!

I GUESS HUMAN SPIDERS AND POLICE CAPTAINS DON'T MIX.

=YAWN=

I'M REALLY WASTED! GOING TEN ROUNDS WITH THE MAULER REALLY TOOK A LOT OUT OF ME. AND, FOR WHAT? WHAT DID I REALLY ACCOMPLISH?

*SEE *PPTSSM* #122--JIM.

FOR THAT MATTER WHAT GOOD *HAVE* I DONE LATELY?

I'VE DECIDED TO *QUIT* BEING SPIDER-MAN. I KEEP TELL-ING MYSELF I'M ONLY WEARING THE SUIT LONG ENOUGH TO FIND AND HELP *FLASH THOMPSON*...

...MY HIGH SCHOOL PAL WHO'S NOW AC-CUSED OF BEING THE HOBGOBLIN!

FLASH BUSTED OUT OF JAIL DAYS AGO AND HAS-N'T BEEN SEEN SINCE. I'M SURE HE'S SCARED AND CONFUSED!

I'VE GOT TO FIND HIM-- HELP HIM SOME-HOW. THEN I HANG UP THE WEBS FOREVER!

AND, BACK AT THE WAREHOUSE--

THE GUN BATTLE IS TERRIFIC! THEY'RE DESTROYING A LOT OF AUDIO EQUIPMENT, BUT NOBODY'S GETTING *SERIOUSLY* WASTED!

THAT MEANS A *LONGER* GUNFIGHT... AND *MORE* PHOTOS--!

HUH--?

I *THOUGHT* I HEARD GUNSHOTS!

KRASH!

ALL RIGHT, YOU GUYS--KNOCK IT OFF!!

I'M FROM THE ZONING BOARD! YOUR LEASE CLEARLY STATES "NO FIRE-FIGHTS AFTER 10 PM"!

YOU GUYS ARE IN *BIG* TROUBLE!

I DON'T BELIEVE IT! NOW SPIDEY'S GOTTEN INTO THE ACTION!

LOOK AT HIM GO--TAKING THEM *ALL* ON!

NIKON

Y'KNOW, YOU "BLUE BOYS" OUGHTTA DO THREE THINGS FOR YOURSELVES:

COME UP WITH A BETTER NAME... FIND A NEW TAILOR...

...AND *BATHE* MORE REGULARLY!

BETTER MAKE MY MOVE. THEY'RE DISTRACTED. NOW'S THE TIME.

I'VE GOT A LOT TO DO TONIGHT.

WEL', *I'M* TICKED-OFF!

--AND YOU GIVE *ME* ZIP!

I GIVE YOU GUYS PERFECTLY GOOD MATERIAL--

IN MY DAY YOU RAN INTO A WITTIER CLASS OF LOWLIFE THUG!

I MEAN, DOC OCK WAS A SKUU-REEAM--! UH-OH--

*SPIDER-SENSE* RINGING TO BEAT THE BAND!!

GREETINGS, WEB-SLINGER!

HOW FORTUNATE TO FIND YOU HERE! YOU BRING A SMALL ELEMENT OF PLEASURE TO MY OTHERWISE MUNDANE BUSINESS INTERESTS!

THE HOBGOBLIN!!

--FLASH--?!

IS THAT HIM BENEATH THE MASK--?

WAITASEC-- WE GOT *THUGS "A"* SMUGGLING HOT STEREOS-- WE GOT *THUGS "B"* WITH THE FUNNY MASKS TRYING TO ROB THE SMUGGLERS--

-- AND NOW *YOU* COME ALONG--?!

THE UNDERWORLD IS AT ***WAR,*** ARACHNID!

IT IS MY WISH THAT MY EMPLOYER-- THE ***ROSE***-- NOT BE DISTURBED BY THIS MAD POWER STRUGGLE.

I'VE COME TO TEACH THESE CRETINS TO FEAR ME! TO SHOW THEM THE ***LAW*** OF THIS CITY!

DESTROYING YOU IN THE BARGAIN WILL BE AN ***ADDED*** PLEASURE!

HOW NICE.

YOU CANNOT ESCAPE ME, SPIDER-MAN!

SURE I CAN!

IT'S IN MY CONTRACT!

NÄIVE FOOL! I WASN'T *TRYING* FOR *YOU!* MY WRATH WAS DIRECTED AT *THOSE* FOOLS!

WHAT--?!

I... DUCKED HOBGOBLIN'S BLAST-- AND HE HIT THOSE GUYS...

...JUST LIKE SIN-EATER *

*SEE PPTSM #107-110.--JIM

HUMANITARIAN FOOL! THOSE MEN ARE CRIMINALS! THEY LIVE BY A CODE OF VIOLENCE!

IT IS THEIR WAY!

WHAT IS YOUR WAY, SPIDER-MAN?

HAHAHAHAH

COME BACK HERE, YOU GIGGLING JERK! I--

--HAD BETTER DUCK FAST!!

SNIPERS ON THE ADJACENT ROOF--

--THEY MISSED HOBBY, BUT--

--I'M WELL WITHIN THEIR SIGHTS!

ZIP ZIP ZIP ZIP ZIP

I HATE BEING SHOT AT.

SHEESH!

HOBGOBLIN'S GONE--THE COPS HAVE ARRIVED--AND I'M LEFT CRAWLING AROUND ON A DIRTY ROOFTOP..

...WONDERING WHY I WENT CRASHING IN THERE IN THE FIRST PLACE?!

WHAT WAS I TRYING TO ACCOMPLISH?

WHAT'S WRONG WITH ME?!

LOOKS LIKE KEATING'S IN ONE OF THOSE CARS! THE MAN FOLLOWS ME LIKE A BAD RASH!

HE MUST BE PSYCHIC!

TOO FRAZZLED TO SLEEP NOW. AND, SINCE I *DID* MANAGE TO SET UP MY AUTOMATIC CAMERA BEFORE THE FIGHT--

...GUESS I'LL DO WHAT COMES NATURALLY...

...GO HOME FOR A QUICK CHANGE OF CLOTHES, AND THEN RACE DOWN TO MY HOME *AWAY* FROM HOME--

DAILY BUGLE

IT'S VERY *BAD*, PEOPLE, AND IT'S GOING TO GET WORSE--

HUH?! HALF THE *BUGLE'S* STAFF'S HERE--AT NEARLY MIDNIGHT?!

MUST BE SOMETHING HEAVY GOING ON--

THIS GANG WAR'S ONLY STARTING. THESE THINGS USUALLY LAST ONLY A FEW DAYS...

...BUT THEY TAKE A HUGE TOLL IN TERMS OF VIOLENCE AND BLOOD-SHED.

BEN, YOU WANT TO START YOUR PRESENTATION?

THANKS, JONAH.

=COUGH=

THIS MESS BEGAN AS A PERSONAL FEUD BETWEEN WILSON FISK--THE ALLEGED *KINGPIN OF CRIME*, AND *THIS* MAN-- *DAREDEVIL*, THE MAN WITHOUT FEAR!

DETAILS ARE SKETCHY, BUT WE KNOW KINGPIN WAS NEARLY SUCCESSFUL IN HIS ATTEMPTS TO HAVE DAREDEVIL KILLED.

"KINGPIN'S SUCCESSIVE FAILURES EVENTUALLY DROVE HIM INTO A MAD OBSESSION WITH DARE-DEVIL.

"KINGPIN FINALLY SENT A COMPLETELY UNHINGED IN-DIVIDUAL CODE-NAMED 'NUKE' TO ACCOMPLISH WHAT HE HIMSELF HAD REPEATEDLY FAILED TO DO.

"THIS NUKE FELLOW DESTROYED SEVERAL SQUARE BLOCKS OF HELL'S KITCHEN IN THE TRYING."

MAN... MY FIGHT WITH *FIRELORD* DIDN'T CAUSE AS MUCH DESTRUCTION! HOW COULD ANYONE *SURVIVE* THAT?!

AND ALL THAT HAPPENED WHILE I WAS TRYING TO GET BACK HOME FROM APPALACHIA,*

NOT THAT THERE WOULD'VE BEEN MUCH I COULD'VE DONE ANYWAY. I HEAR EVEN THE *AVENGERS* WERE IN ON THAT.

SO, WHAT HAVE WE GOT, BEN?

* *WEB* #18--JIM.

WE'VE GOT A BIG MESS, JONAH.

THESE MEN ARE ALL LEADING CRIMINAL ELEMENTS WITHIN THE CITY'S UNDERWORLD SUBSTRUCTURE.

THE ROSE, HAMMERHEAD AND SILVERMANE ALL HEAD POWERFUL CRIMINAL ORGANIZATIONS.

THE "BLUE BOYS" ARE A WILD-CARD GROUP. NO ONE KNOWS MUCH ABOUT THEM THEY'VE JUST SHOWN UP AND STARTED THROWING A LOT OF WEIGHT AROUND.

AND, THE ARRANGER--

--THE ARRANGER HAS BEEN LEFT IN CHARGE OF THE KINGPIN'S ORGANIZATION. THE KINGPIN HIMSELF HAS DISAPPEARED.

THE RUMORS ARE HE'S GONE INTO HIDING, AFTER HAVING LOST HIS WAR OF WILLS WITH DAREDEVIL.

THIS VANISHING ACT OF HIS IS WHAT'S CAUSED THE OUTBREAK OF THIS CONFLICT. THE UNDERWORLD HAS LOST THEIR CONFIDENCE IN--AND FEAR OF--THE KINGPIN. THEY'RE ALL FIGHTING FOR CONTROL NOW.

AND, FOLKS, WE'VE ONLY SEEN THE *TIP* OF *THAT* ICEBERG.

*AFTER THE PRESENTATION...*

GREAT! SINCE THEY'RE ALL SO INTERESTED IN THIS GANG WAR THING, MY PIX OF TONIGHT'S ACTION SHOULD BE SOFT-SELL CITY!

MAYBE I'LL HOLD OUT FOR A FEW EXTRA BUCKS--

HI--!

FORGET IT, PETER.

BUT--!

THOSE ARE PICTURES OF THE BIG WAREHOUSE SHOOTOUT TONIGHT, RIGHT? WELL, LANCE BANNON ALREADY BROUGHT IN SHOTS OF THAT.

LIKE, AN HOUR AGO.

CLEAR, *PROFESSIONAL* SHOTS.

MY CITY EDITOR, MS. KATE CUSHING, COULD USE A LITTLE HELP IN THE "GRACE AND TACT" DEPARTMENT.

WHA-- SPIDER-SENSE GOING OFF! BUT... THERE'S NO DANGER NEARBY... ONLY..

*...NED LEEDS...*

*BETTY!* WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE AT THIS HOUR?!

I COULDN'T SLEEP... I WAS WORRIED ABOUT YOU AND THIS GANG WAR...

WONDER WHAT IT IS ABOUT THIS GUY THAT MAKES ME SO UNEASY?

I'M STILL YOUR WIFE, YOU KNOW!

MY WIFE, BUT CLOSE FRIEND AND PARAMOUR TO FLASH THOMPSON--WHO IS ALSO KNOWN AS--

...THE HOBGOBLIN!

ARE YOU WORRIED ABOUT ME, BETTY DARLING--OR ABOUT HIM?!

WELL?!?

N...NED.. YOU'RE HURTING ME...

YOU'RE LATE.

YOU MISSED THE BRIEFING.

THE IMPORTANT BRIEFING.

LOOK, ROBBIE...

IN MY OFFICE.

AND I JUST HUNG AROUND AND WATCHED THAT WHOLE LITTLE EPISODE. WHAT A CLASS ACT I AM.

OH, PETER, I... I JUST DON'T KNOW WHAT TO DO!

NED'S BECOME SO STRANGE... SO DISTANT...

THERE'S A HOSTILITY... AN EVIL ABOUT HIM.

SOME-THING I JUST CAN'T EXPLAIN!

A NEW DAY DAWNS OVER MANHATTAN. YET, THE BRILLIANCE OF THE SUN'S RAYS DO NOTHING TO BLOT OUT THE PROFANE OBSCENITY REPRESENTED BY THIS STRUCTURE!

THIS IS THE HOME BASE FOR THE KINGPIN OF CRIME...

...A MAN WHO IS INEXPLICABLY AMONG THE MISSING!

IN CHARGE OF THE KINGPIN'S MASSIVE OPERATION IS HIS RIGHT-HAND MAN, THE ENIGMATIC, SOFT-SPOKEN ARRANGER!

SO, HOW ABOUT IT, ARRANGER?

THE KINGPIN'S VANISHED INTO THIN AIR...THIS THING'S BROKEN WIDE OPEN AND WE'RE ALL GETTIN' THE HEAT!!

MR. FISK IS ON VACATION, GENTLEMEN.

SO, WHEN'S HE COMIN' BACK?

WHAT DO WE DO ABOUT THESE NEW GUYS TRYIN' TO MUSCLE IN?

YEAH... WHAT ARE WE SUPPOSED TO DO?

MR. FISK WILL RETURN IN HIS OWN GOOD TIME.

YOU WILL "DO" EXACTLY WHAT I INSTRUCT YOU TO.

AND, AS FOR YOU ANTAGONISTS...

"...THEY ARE SUMMARILY BEING ATTENDED TO."

THIS IS SILVERMANE'S ESTATE IN WESTCHESTER COUNTY.

IT IS NOW UNDER ATTACK.

BBAARROOOM!

MAKE WAY, GENTS--

-- JACK O'LANTERN'S COMIN' THROUGH!

SILVERMANE, ONCE A POWERFUL CRIME LORD, HAS BEEN VIRTUALLY BEDRIDDEN SINCE HIS LAST CLASH WITH SPIDER-MAN.

WITH KINGPIN OUT OF THE WAY, HE SEES THIS AS HIS BIG CHANCE TO ADVANCE WITHIN THE UNDERWORLD RANKS!

HE WILL NEVER GET THAT CHANCE!

M... MR. SILVERMANE... YOU MUSTN'T...

QUIET, FOOL! I'VE LAID IDLY FOR TOO LONG!!

MY *ROBOT BODY* GIVES ME INCREDIBLE STRENGTH! MORE THAN ENOUGH TO DEAL WITH A TWO-BIT HIRED GOON LIKE JACK O'LANTERN!!

I'M *INSULTED*, SILVERMANE--

--MY RATES ARE A *WHOLE LOT* HIGHER THAN TWO BITS!

'COURSE, NOW THE POINT IS MOOT.

WHADDAYA KNOW, SILVERMANE-- NOW YOU AIN'T GOT NO BODY!

YOU'RE LUCKY TO STILL BE *ALIVE!*

STAY OUT OF GANG BUSINESS, OR I'LL BE BACK! AND, BY THE WAY--

-- THE *ARRANGER* SAYS "HI!"

MEANWHILE, IN FOREST HILLS, QUEENS...

GOTTA STEER CLEAR OF THIS GANG WAR BUSINESS. IT'S GOT NOTHING TO DO WITH ME, ANYWAY.

LIKE THE HOBGOBLIN SAID, IT'S THE WAY THEY LIVE.

AND "THEY" CAN HAVE IT. LET 'EM SHOOT EACH OTHER IF THAT'S WHAT THEY WANT.

I DON'T CARE ANYMORE.

NO SIGN OF FLASH--AND IF HE *IS* THE HOBGOBLIN--THEN I'VE BEEN PLAYED FOR A FOOL! NOT A *NEW* EXPERIENCE FOR *ME*, AFTER ALL... WHO APPOINTED ME TO BE EVERYONE'S GUARDIAN ANGEL, ANYWAY? TO HECK WITH THAT. OOPS--GOTTA PUT ON MY "HAPPY PETE" FACE FOR AUNT MAY!

SHE CAN READ ME LIKE A BOOK, AND I DEFINITELY DON'T WANT TO UPSET HER.

SHE'S GOT PROBLEMS OF HER OWN. TWO OF HER BOARDERS MOVED OUT LAST WEEK.

HIYA, MR. CHEKOV!

UPSTAIRS...

PETER!

WHY-- I DIDN'T EXPECT *YOU* TODAY--

NEITHER DID I! I MEAN, I DECIDED TO TAKE A LITTLE STROLL AROUND CHELSEA AND, GEE, GUESS I GOT A BIT CARRIED AWAY!

CROSSING THE EAST RIVER WASN'T EASY!

WHAT'S UP?

WE'RE JUST SPRUCING THE HOUSE UP A BIT, PETER. WE NEED TWO MORE BOARDERS TO TAKE SOPHIE AND MARTHA'S ROOM.

WITHOUT THEIR INCOME, IT'S EVEN TOUGHER TO MAKE ENDS MEET.

IF YOU *REALLY* WANT TO ATTRACT NEW PEOPLE, YOU SHOULD HANG A LARGER-THAN-LIFE PICTURE OF YOURSELF OUTSIDE.

YOU'D PACK 'EM IN IN DROVES!

OH, PETER!

HERE--HUSH-UP AND *PAINT!*

SOME TIME LATER, AT THE ROSE'S PENTHOUSE...

JACK O'LANTERN IS WORKING FOR THE ARRANGER!

WITH JACK'S RESOURCES AT HIS DISPOSAL, THE ARRANGER CAN SQUASH ALMOST ANY TAKEOVER MOVE!

JACK JUST HIT SILVERMANE...

CALM YOURSELF, MR. JOHNSTON.

JACK O'LANTERN'S INVOLVEMENT CONCERNS US ONLY PERIPHERALLY.

STILL CERTAIN PRECAUTIONS SHOULD--

I AM ALL THE PRECAUTION THE ROSE SHALL REQUIRE.

I WILL TEACH JACK O'LANTERN TO FEAR MY WRATH.

IN TIME, MY FRIEND.

FOR NOW, I REQUIRE ONLY THAT YOU MAKE YOUR USUAL ROUNDS AND AWAIT FURTHER INSTRUCTIONS.

BOSS-- HOW LONG DO WE HAVE TO PUT UP WITH THAT GUY?

WE SHALL RETAIN HOBGOBLIN'S SERVICES UNTIL HIS USEFULNESS COMES TO AN END.

AND, VARLEY--

--DON'T CALL ME "BOSS."

PEDESTRIAN OAF.

STILL, THIS INSANE BLOODLETTING IS GETTING OUT OF HAND. PERHAPS IT'S TIME I TOOK A MORE DIRECT ROLE IN ITS DENOUMENT.

SENDING HOBGOBLIN OUT TO SLIT THROATS WOULD ONLY EXACERBATE MATTERS. BUSINESS GRINDS TO A HALT WHILE WE CHILDISHLY LOB GRENADES BACK AND FORTH.

THAT WOULD BE POOR ECONOMICS.

NO, THIS CALLS FOR A MORE SUBTLE APPROACH.

ONE THAT ONLY I CAN INSTIGATE.

SOON AFTER, JOHNSTON AND VARLEY MAKE A PICKUP AT AN ILLEGAL GAMBLING SERVICE (THAT'S "BOCKIE" TO YOU COLLEGE GRADS!) OPERATED BY THE **ROSE**...

NOT A BAD DAY, BOYS. THE ROSE WILL BE IMPRESSED WITH A TAKE THIS LARGE...

...*MINUS* THE SMALL GRATUITY VARLEY AND I SKIM OFF THE TOP, OF COURSE...

POLICE!! FREEZE!!

COPS!!

THAT'S IT, GO FOR YOUR GUN, JOHNSTON. WE'RE OLD FRIENDS, AFTER ALL. I WON'T SHOOT YOU MORE THAN TWICE.

DON'T DO IT, JOHNSTON. IT ISN'T WORTH IT. OUR LAWYER WILL HAVE US OUT IN AN HOUR.

*AND...*

YOU TELL THE ROSE HE'S ON MY *LIST*, BOYS. I'M GOING TO CLOSE HIM *DOWN*.

WE'VE GOT LISTS TOO, CAPTAIN. I'LL SEE IF I CAN PENCIL YOU IN.

GEEZ, CAPTAIN KEATING... WHERE'D YOU GET THE TIP ON *THIS* JOINT?

MY *GURU*, OKAY, SMART GUY!

MY APOLOGIES, SIR. I ONLY MEANT LATELY YOU'VE BEEN DEAD RIGHT ABOUT EVERY TIP YOU'VE GOTTEN--

--AND I WON'T GET ANY MORE TIPS IF I GO BROADCASTING MY STOOLIES' NAMES ALL OVER TOWN.

I'M HEADED BACK TO THE STATION.

SEE YOU LATER, SIR.

OLD GOAT.

HIS TIPS MAY BE GOOD, BUT HIS SENSE OF DIRECTION STINKS.

THE STATION IS IN THE *OTHER* DIRECTION!

DUSK FINDS OUR WEARY-BUT-UNDAUNTED WEB-SPINNER HEADING FOR HOME...

AUNT MAY REALLY WORE ME OUT! PAINTING THAT ROOM WAS OKAY--

--BUT THEN WE DID THE HALL, THE BATHROOM, THE STAIRS--

--STILL, THAT'S ONE LADY I CAN'T REFUSE! BESIDES, *LUNCH* WAS WORTH THE TROUBLE!

FIGURED I'D TAKE ONE LAST SWING AROUND TOWN BEFORE I MEET MARY JANE AT MY PLACE. I DON'T KNOW WHY I THINK I CAN SPOT FLASH FROM A HUNDRED FEET UP..

...IT'S NOT LIKE I'VE GOT TELE-SCOPIC VISION OR ANYTHING!

STILL, IF I MAKE MYSELF AS OBVIOUS AS POSSIBLE MAYBE HE'LL SPOT ME-- EH?

MAYBE I *DO* HAVE TELESCOPIC VISION!

THAT'S *RODERICK KINGSLEY*, HEAD OF THE MODELING FIRM MARY JANE WORKS FOR!

GUYS *WAY* OUT OF HIS NEIGHBORHOOD!

HMMM... HE'S MEETING SOMEONE HERE! WHAT... IS HE BUYING *DRUGS*?

THIS CLOAK AND DAGGER STUFF IS ALMOST COMICAL FOR A DIP LIKE KING--

--OBOY.

THAT'S *CHRIS KEATING* IN THAT CAR!

MAYBE THIS IS WHERE KEATING GETS HIS PSYCHIC FLASHES! BUT-- WHAT WOULD *KINGSLEY* KNOW ABOUT GUYS LIKE THE *ROSE* AND THOSE "BLUE BOY" GEEKS?!

AND WHO *GIVES* A HOOT?!

I KEEP SNAPPING INTO "INVESTIGATIVE AVENGING SUPER HERO" LIKE *THAT'S* MY GIG OR SOMETHING!

I'M NOT GETTING INVOLVED IN THIS INSANITY!

FOR ALL I KNOW, KINGSLEY'S GIVING KEATING *FASHION TIPS*!

I'M JUST GONNA MIND MY--

GUNSHOTS!!

LOOKS LIKE ANOTHER GANG CLASH!

HOW IS IT I JUST "HAPPEN BY" SO MUCH LATELY?!

THEN AGAIN, THIS STUFF *IS* BREAKING OUT ALL OVER TOWN--

NOW, NOW... GIRLS! *GIRLS!!* LET'S NOT FIGHT--!

SPIDER-MAN!!

*OUR* DIFFERENCES CAN WAIT! I THINK WE *ALL* AGREE THIS GUY'S A MAJOR *PEST*, RIGHT?

EVERYBODY-- GET HIM!!!

IT'S NICE TO KNOW I INSPIRE SOLIDARITY AMONG THE "LOWLIFE SCUM" SET!

OBOY.

BETTER SWING AROUND AND--

I'M DOING IT *AGAIN!!*

I DON'T CARE.

I DON'T.

I'M GOING HOME.

SHEESH.

HOW EMBARRASSING...

STILL LATER, A POSH, MIDTOWN RESTAURANT IS ABOUT TO BE VISITED BY ONE OF ITS MORE REGULAR PATRONS...

...THE INFAMOUS NEW YORK GANG-LEADER KNOWN ONLY AS HAMMERHEAD!

ALL RIGHT, GIRLS--WITH THE KINGPIN RUNNIN' AWAY WITH HIS TAIL BETWEEN HIS LEGS, THAT PUTS *ME* IN THE BEST POSITION TO TAKE OVER THIS TOWN'S MOBS!

THAT MEANS WE GET TO CELEBRATE *BIG!!*

SKY'S THE LIMIT, DOLLS!

-- BUT OF COURSE, YOUR USUAL TABLE AWAITS YOU, M'SIEUR SMITH.

THANKS, FRENCHY.

BREAK OPEN THE *BUBBLY*, JACQUES! AND BRING THE *GOOD* STUFF!

I WANNA SEE LOTSA *DUST* ON THE BOTTLE!

TONIGHT'S *REAL* SPECIAL, FOLKS. I'M GONNA MAKE MY MOVE SOONER THAN *ANYONE* SUSPECTS--

*BLAMM!*

MOMENTS LATER, AT THE KINGPIN'S HEADQUARTERS...

ARE YOU *CERTAIN* HAMMERHEAD IS DEAD--?

YOU REALIZE HE'S NOT ENTIRELY *HUMAN!* HE HAS THAT INFERNAL METAL SHIELDING IN HIS SKULL...

THE *CORPSE*, SIMONS. I NEED A CORPSE OR I DO NOT HAVE A DEAD MAN.

ALL GOES ACCORDING TO PLAN. FIRST SILVER-MANE'S DISPATCH, COURTESY OF JACK O'LANTERN...

... NOW HAMMERHEAD! EVEN IF HAMMERHEAD *ISN'T* DEAD, HE'S NO DOUBT BADLY CRIPPLED AND HAS GONE INTO SECLUSION!

THERE WILL BE AN END TO THIS GANG WAR. I WILL END IT. I WILL WIELD THE *POWER*.

YES... THE POWER...

BZZZZ!

YES, WHAT IS IT?

*SOMEONE TO SEE YOU SIR.*

THE OFFICE IS *CLOSED* FOR THE DAY, RAMIS! YOU'RE MY SECURITY GUARD, NOT A DOOR-MAT!

SEND WHOEVER IT IS AWAY!

BUT, SIR... IT'S *RICHARD FISK!* MR. FISK'S *SON!*

COUPLE NUMBER ONE... YOU HAVE THIRTY-FIVE POINTS! TWENTY-FIVE WILL GIVE YOU SIXTY POINTS!

ANSWER THIS CORRECTLY AND YOU'LL BE OUR GRANNND PRIZE WINERRRRS TO-DAAYYYY!

FRED, DID YOUR WIFE PREDICT YOU'D SAY YOU HAVE MORE ARGYLE SOCKS OR ORANGE SOCKS...?

THIS YOUNG LADY'S NAME IS **MARY JANE**. SHE HAS A DATE WITH PETER PARKER TONIGHT!

GUESS WHO'S LATE?

ER... AH... WELL, BOB--

KLICKK!

THE BATHROOM SKYLIGHT-- HE'S HOME! THANK HEAVEN--!

HI, M.J. SORRY I'M LATE.

NO SWEAT, TIGER. YOUR **MAILMAN** KEPT ME COMPANY WHILE I WAS WAITING!

YOU'RE KIDDING, RIGHT?

YOU'LL NEVER KNOW...

...WE INTERRUPT THIS PROGRAM TO BRING YOU A **SPECIAL BULLETIN**...

...THAT I WAS **WORRIED SICK** ABOUT YOU!

IT'S BAD ENOUGH THAT YOU PUT ON THAT SILLY COSTUME AND SWING AROUND FROM THE TOPS OF SKY-SCRAPERS ON THIN STRANDS OF NOTHING...

... BUT, NOW WITH ALL THAT SHOOTING GOING ON...

NO SIGN OF FLASH...

...I HOPE...

I'LL GRAB A SHOWER AND WE CAN ROLL.

NO CHANCE, TIGER.

WE'RE STAYING RIGHT HERE TONIGHT.

I'M GOING TO DAZZLE YOU WITH MY MEATLOAF.

BUT-- BUT--

...AN UPDATE ON TONIGHT'S **BOMBING** AT A MIDTOWN RESTAURANT...

--I **HATE** IT, HERE! **MARY JANE** REDECORATED AFTER THE FIRE,* BUT IT'S...WELL... **WEIRD**-LOOKING. I NEED A GOOD SPOOL OF CABLE AND A DIME-STORE INDIAN...

*SEE **WEB** #11-- JIM.

...THE DEATH TOLL STANDS AT FIVE WITH DOZENS SERIOUSLY INJURED...

WHAT?!
...DIRECTLY LINKED TO THE GANG WAR THAT HAS ERRUPTED WITHIN THE ORGANIZED CRIME SUBSTRUCTURE!
THE TARGET--A REPUTED MOBSTER KNOWN ONLY AS "HAMMERHEAD"--ESCAPED DEATH...

NO.
...THOUGH DOZENS OF RESTAURANT PATRONS WERE BADLY INJURED!

HAMMERHEAD'S ENTOURAGE DID NOT SURVIVE THE BLAST...

IT'S NOT MY PROBLEM.

...COUNTLESS OTHERS WERE TREATED FOR SHOCK... A PASSING AUTO SWERVED OUT OF CONTROL AND PLOWED INTO A STOREFRONT WINDOW...

IT'S THE WAY THEY LIVE.
THEIR CODE OF VIOLENCE.
I'VE GOT TO STAY OUT OF IT.
I'VE... I...

I HAVE *GREAT POWER.*
AND, WITH IT, A *GREAT RESPONSIBILITY!*
THIS WAR STOPS *NOW.*

Y'KNOW, THEN THERE'S SLOPPY JOES! WHAP THE GROUND BEEF IN THERE, SLOSH IN SOME GOOP AND OFF WE GO! WHAT *SAY,* PETE?
PETE--?

PETER...

EPILOGUE I:

BETTY BRANT LEEDS HAS BEEN WANDERING THE CITY STREETS FOR HOURS. SHE'D HOPED THE NIGHT AIR WOULD CLEAR HER HEAD...

...IT HASN'T.

HOW ODD.. THE FOYER DOOR IS OPEN!

NOW *ANYONE* COULD SIMPLY WANDER IN!

WELL, THAT'S THE LEAST OF MY WORRIES. WITH NED SO ANGRY WITH ME... AND FLASH AMONG THE MISSING--

--I'M SO LOST...

MAYBE I'LL WRITE WRITE MOM A LETTER...

WHAA-AAT?!

SSSSSHH!

FLASH!

YOU'RE ALL RIGHT!!

YOU KNOW IT, BETTS.

AND, WITH YOUR HELP, I'M GONNA BOUNCE BACK AND CLEAR MY NAME!

NO MORE HIDING FOR FLASH THOMPSON, LADY.

FROM NOW ON, IT'S YOU AND ME AGAINST THE *WORLD!*

EPILOGUE II:

MIDNIGHT

HOW STRANGE THAT THE LIVES OF MORTAL MEN ARE SO OFTEN GOVERNED BY THE FRIVOLITIES OF ECONOMICS.

THE KINGPIN LENT AN OPPRESSIVE STABILITY TO THE EAST COAST UNDERWORLD. HIS SUDDEN DISAPPEARANCE HAS SPONSORED MUCH HATRED AND BLOODSHED.

THESE FOOLS SHOULD LEARN TO DIVIDE BUSINESS AND PERSONAL RELATIONSHIPS. IF THEY WOULD, THEY'D KNOW--

--PERSONAL VENDETTAS HAVE NO PLACE IN-- EH?

THERE... IN THE SHADOWS... THAT FAMILIAR BLACK UNIFORM--

--SPIDER-MAN!!

YOU CANNOT HIDE FROM ME, WEB-SLINGER!

I HAVE YOU NOW!

LET THE BATTLE BEGIN!!

BBOOOM!

YOU'VE ELUDED ME FAR TOO LONG!

YOU'VE BEEN FAR TOO LUCKY!

TONIGHT IT ENDS!

TONIGHT WE BATTLE TO THE DEATH!

WAIT-- THE SMOKE IS CLEARING... IT... IT'S...

BBBBRRRUTTTAAATATAT!

THE WINDS OF WAR CALL TO HIM.

THE WAR OF CRIMINALS.

HE HAS SWORN HIS LIFE TO DEALING **DEATH** TO SUCH VERMIN.

IT IS A VOW HE INTENDS TO KEEP.

NEXT: "...ALONG CAME A PUNISHER!